

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do. They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through. There isn't a print of the cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow To be found on earth or air to-day, for the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain, And loads the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell, If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet? Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sows his wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true; But who should do the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a rearing lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting roar To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound, If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show How the frauds and the crimes of the day spring up, for surely we want to know, The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil is gone; But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADIAN VESSELS ARMING.

The Situation Growing Serious.—A New York Schooner Sails for the Bay of Fundy Loaded with Cannon and Firearms.

Boston Mass., May 20.—There has been some excitement along the water front over the report that a fishing schooner had been arming in this harbor. It is reported that the schooner Augusta Herriek, Capt. William E. Herriek, left New York four days ago on a fishing trip to the Bay of Fundy. Hearing of the seizure of the Portland schooner by the Canadians, the owners of the vessel decided that something must be done to protect their property. The Herriek accordingly put into Boston harbor, and her captain came ashore. He immediately went to a gun store near the wharf and purchased two 36-inch yacht guns, which were delivered on board, together with a large amount of ammunition and small arms.

The schooner then headed down the bay on her voyage to the fishing waters along the Canadian shore. The two yacht guns cost \$200 each and will penetrate steel armor half inch thick at a distance of a mile.

The clerk of the gun store, where the purchase is said to have been made, says he asked the captain what he proposed to do with the weapons, and the latter replied: 'I am going a-fishing in the Bay of Fundy and I don't propose to have any cheap Canadian pirate seizing my schooner. It is a pretty state of affairs when a Yankee schooner is confiscated for going into a foreign port when she has papers that allow her to do so. The British government has twice insulted America. With what result? The administration has done nothing. No word of any kind has been sent to the owners of the confiscated vessels. There is evidently no redress for them. If the government will not help us we must defend ourselves. I have on board a Yankee crew from Maine and Massachusetts and they are men whose courage is undoubted. They said to me: 'Captain, go ashore and get us guns. We will go to the Bay of Fundy and if we are attacked by the Lansdowne, or any other craft that carries an English flag, we will show them there is as good powder and ball in Boston as Her Majesty's boats can find in any land.'

'Would you resist an attempt made to seize your schooner?' asked the clerk. 'Let them try to take her and see,' said the skipper. 'We do not propose to act on the offensive at all. We do not want to have trouble with the English people, but if they should try to capture our schooner as they have the other two they will find there will be blows to take and blows to give.'

'The Captain was intensely in earnest,' said the clerk. 'I never saw a man who meant what he said more than he did. He patted the two guns fondly and then left the store. The cannon were delivered at once.'

'Will they prove serviceable if put into use?' was asked.

'Well,' said the clerk, 'if the Portland schooner had been in charge of this captain and crew she would not have been taken so easily.'

With his arms aboard, the skipper cleared to sea before daybreak. The Herriek is one of the fastest natiest sailers in the whole Bank fleet, and as a stiff sou'wester was blowing at the time and she is good for at least twelve knots an hour before the wind, pursuit is out of the question.

The guns he bought carry a six-pound steel-chained shot 4 inches long by 8 inches thick, and will penetrate half-inch iron with a six-inch backing of wood. Their range is a good mile, so that the Herriek's guns will carry as far as the Lansdowne's.

Advices from Portland are to the effect that the excitement there over the seizure of American fishing vessels continues.

'Will the Portland vessels be armed in accordance with the resolution adopted yesterday?' was asked of a prominent owner.

'Yes.'

'And an attempt at seizure will be resisted?'

'Yes; we shall protect ourselves.'

PROPAGATING BY LAYERING.—Man doubtless learned to graft by observing limbs of interlocking forest trees growing together at the point of contact. Some very curious illustrations of natural grafting or inarching may occasionally be found among forest trees, as the joining of two trunks into one tree, a bent limb losing itself in the trunk, making a perfect "jug handle," &c., &c., but this form of grafting is most wonderful in the root growth of certain shrubs growing closely together in swamps, much of the ornamental rustic work, such as baskets, flower vases and the material for seats being made from the roots of trees and shrubs that have grown together by natural grafting.

Propagating by layering was also doubtless learned by observing that the tops of certain shrubs and vines after getting bent down near the earth and then kept moist by a covering of leaves sometimes sent down roots at the point of contact with the earth and thus form what may become independent plants. With some kinds of plants, layering is one of the best methods of propagation, and is so simple that any one can practice it. The skillful nurseryman, with his furnace for supplying bottom heat, may be able to obtain plants more rapidly from cuttings or single buds, but the ordinary farmer can get along very well by slower methods for increasing his small stock of shrubs or vines. Layering is also a good method for getting new plants from the rose and other ornamental shrubs of the flower garden.

Layering may be done at any time during the summer, but for obtaining sure and quick results, the spring time is to be preferred, as nature is then most active. Shrubs that are difficult or slow to propagate in this way may be laid down, burying all but the tip end with good rich soil and enough of it to keep the layer constantly moist. A little notching or splitting of the wood will also favor the starting of new roots at the points where cut.

For propagating grape vines lay a section of vine in a trench three or four inches deep, pinning the vine down firmly, so that no soil will be required to hold it in place. Let the vine remain in this position till the buds start and send up their new growth. As the little shoots increase in height, gradually fill the trench level with the surface. If this is done early in spring and the soil is rich and kept moist by mulching or otherwise, each shoot should throw out roots and become an independent plant that may be cut away and planted out the following spring.

THE GIRL AT THE FRONT GATE.—Heaven bless the girl at the front gate with peach-blossom on her cheeks and love-light in her eyes. Some men would shut her out of our literature, but I am not one of them. The girl at the front gate can never grow old to those who have been there with her. Years may come and go, but the music of the low voice at the front gate will not be stilled, and the memory of the cherry lips we kissed at the front gate will hold out faithful to the end.

What if the old gate does sag and its hinges rattle, and its latch refuse to hold it shut? What if the posts are shaky and some of its pickets gone? We love the dear old relic still. We love it for the sake of the girl who used to stand out there by it with roses on her cheeks and nectar on her lips.

We held the old gate up and counted the stars, and bid good-bye and then counted the stars again. How many times a night was good-bye said? How many times did lips meet over the dear old gate? The old gate knows, but it will never tell. The old front gate may have counted the kisses, but I never did. And I am sure that the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks never did.

And what of the girl with the peach-bloom cheeks? Ah, me! She married another. She forgot her vows at the old front gate, as some girls will, and married a richer and handsomer man. And I? Well, I went off to another front gate where there were other peach-bloom cheeks and other lips as sweet, and just as many stars to count.

And now I have a front gate of my own, and a girl of my own with a peach-bloom cheeks who counts the stars with the boy of the girl whose vows were made with me at the first front gate were broken. But he is a true, good boy, and my girl is a good, true girl, and heaven bless them both as they stand to-night at the old front gate.—*Burdette, in St. Louis Magazine.*

A MADMAN'S SUICIDE.—Louisville, Ky., May 19.—A shocking suicide occurred Wednesday afternoon on the Short Line Railway near Glencoe Station, forty miles from Louisville. The fast train from Cincinnati was running round a curve at the rate of forty miles an hour when a tall and fine looking man about fifty years old, who had been sitting on a seat with two other men, sprang to his feet with a mad shriek and dashed to the front door of the coach. He stood for a moment on the platform of the coach, and then, with another shriek, plunged headforemost into space. He struck the side of the deep cut through which the train was passing and, rebounding, his body rolled under the wheels of the flying train. The train was stopped quickly and the ghastly remains of the fine looking man were picked up from the track and placed in the baggage car. The suicide was E. F. Walker, aged forty-nine years, once a prominent and highly respected citizen of Louisville. He had been confined in a sanitarium in Cincinnati for several months, and was being brought to the Anchorage Lunatic Asylum, near Louisville. His madness was the result of sunstroke.

SAW THE RELATION OF THINGS.—That was a rare philosophy in the three-year old boy, who asked: 'What is night for?' And, not content with the reply, 'For rest and sleep,' added, 'No, papa, night is for to-morrow.' Many men and women grow up never apprehend so clearly the true relations existing between rest or recreation, and the serious duties of life.—*Advocate.*

The Legislature having amended the code so as to remove the restriction on women practicing in the courts, the general term of the Supreme Court admitted Miss Kate Stoneman, of Albany, to the bar. She is the first female lawyer in New York State.

An Iowa paper states that Mr. Leigh Hunt, superintendent of the schools in East Des Moines, has adopted a plan of giving practical instructions in earning and saving money. In the first place he has encouraged all the children to open a bank account, and to learn how to do business at a bank. In order that they might have something to deposit, he advised them all to do something to enable them to earn money. Nearly every boy is becoming accomplished in some department of useful labor. Not a few of them are learning trades "during odd hours," and many have tools which they work with at home. Those who are learning trades, and doing mechanical work that requires considerable skill, meet and compare the articles they have made. There is a friendly rivalry to see who will have the largest bank account and furnish the best specimens of handicraft. The work out of school is said to have a good effect on the work done in school. Boys are getting a reputation for thrift, skill and economy, as well as for scholarship. They are learning to do business in a business way.—*Pacific Rural Press.*

TELL YOUR WIFE.—If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic.

The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus adjudges them. Their intuition, or insight is the more subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal there is no cat there. In counseling one to tell his troubles to his wife, we would go further, and advise him to keep nothing secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved and many a fortune relieved by man's confidence in his better half. Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man if she be given a chance.—*Selected.*

JEFF. DAVIS AS A CAMPAIGN ISSUE.—One feature of the work of the Congressional Committee will be a liberal distribution of the recent speeches made by Jeff. Davis. Mr. McPherson will soon have verbatim copies of these speeches, and they are to be carefully edited, so as to cull from them the breathings of what the Republicans call treason and disloyalty. These will be circulated by thousands in the States which sent large quotas of troops to the war. In Tennessee the plan is to discuss the tariff question, sending to the State some of the best speakers on this subject. The tariff will also be the feature of the canvass in Michigan. The Republican defection in Iowa is to be solidified, if it can be, by the literature Jeff Davis has gratuitously furnished.—*Washington Dispatch to Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION.—Charleston, S. C., May 20.—In the United States Circuit Court Chief Justice Waite has filed his decree dismissing the bill of the complainants in the case of the Central Trust Company of New York, trustee, mortgagee, securing the first mortgage bonds of the Columbia and Greenville Railroad Company against C. O. Marshall, Treasurer of Richland County, as to the constitutionality of the act of the State Legislature authorizing a tax on the Railroad Company for the support of Railroad Commissioners.

'Charlie,' said a Spartan mother, 'you have disobeyed me twice to-day, and I must punish you.' 'Oh, mama, please don't whip me.' 'No, I'll not whip you,' was the calm reply; 'I'll punish you by making you remain in the parlor while your sister is taking her music lesson.' At this awful sentence the boy fell insensible to the floor. The autopsy revealed that death was caused by fright.—*Unknown Exchange.*

Philadelphia Record: As a Blaine boost the pilgrimage of Mr. Jeff. Davis through the South has resulted in failure. The "bloody shirt" has gone the way of con skins, log cabins, hard cider, copperheads, contrabands and the like party nick-names, rallying cries and delusions. Some new trick must be devised to stir up old prejudices and bad blood.

General John L. Lewis, who died at eighty-six, in New Orleans, last Sunday, as a boy served as General Jackson's courier in the battle of New Orleans. After that he could run for anything, and was successively Sheriff, Mayor, Major General of State militia and was in service in the Confederate army.

'What a lovely woman!' was the exclamation of Chief Justice Waite upon passing a first-class beauty, when walking down Pennsylvania avenue with a friend. 'What an excellent Judge!' said the lady, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Chief Justice.

'And she jilted you, did she?' inquired Rufus of Adolphus. 'Me deah boy,' replied Adolphus hastily, 'neva' use that deawful wo'd again. Call it boycoot,' me deah boy—call it boycoot.'

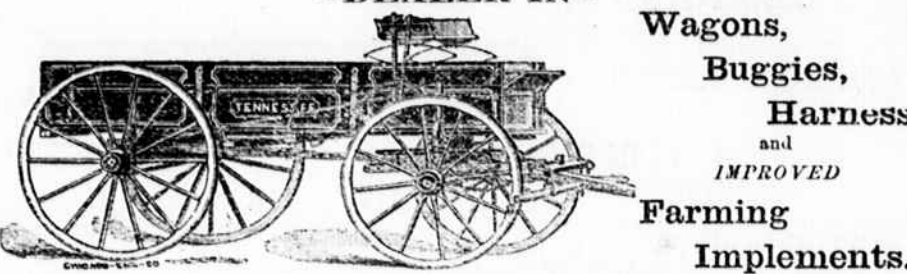
Parsons, the fugitive Anarchist, has, it is thought, reached Cuba, as a man answering his description was seen in Cedar Keys, Florida, recently.

A man was fined \$100 by the Recorder of Atlanta, for using profane language in the presence of his daughter.

The business failures in the United States during the past week numbered 147, and Canada 20.

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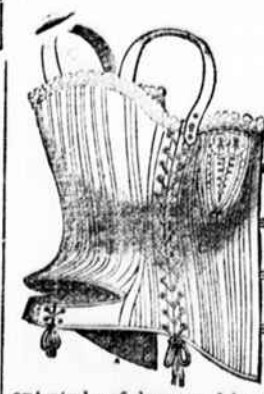
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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
7.20 A. M.	Lv. Ch'leston, S. C.	Ar. 9.05 P. M.
8.34 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
9.33 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
10.40 " "	Ar. Columbia, " "	Lv. 5.27 " "
3.02 P. M.	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
4.18 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6.05 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
7.01 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
5.03 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6.15 " "	Ar. Charlotte N. C.	Ar. 7.00 A. M.

12.48 P. M.	Ar. Newb'ry, S. C.	Ar. 3.04 P. M.
2.42 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6.30 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
4.47 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6.35 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6.35 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
4.10 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
3.20 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
7.10 " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "

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DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS.

No. 53 UP PASSENGER.

Leave S. C. Junction.....	10.20 a m
Leave Columbia (C & G D).....	10.25 a m
Leave Alston.....	11.45 p m
Leave Newberry.....	12.48 p m
Leave Ninety-Six D.....	2.03 p m
Leave Hodges.....	8.05 p m
Leave Belton.....	4.11 p m
Arrive at Greenville.....	5.35 p m

No. 52 DOWN PASSENGER.

Leave Greenville at.....	9.45 a m
Leave Belton.....	11.03 a m
Leave Hodges.....	12.17 p m
Leave Ninety-Six D.....	1.10 p m
Leave Newberry.....	1.40 p m
Leave Alston.....	4.05 p m
Arrive at Columbia.....	5.15 p m

SPARTANBURG, UNION & COLUMBIA R. R.

No. 53 UP PASSENGER.

Leaves Alston.....	11 50 p m
Strothers.....	12 37 p m
Shelton.....	12 53 p m
Santee.....	1 25 p m
Union D.....	1 50 p m
Jonesville.....	2 32 p m
Arrive at Spartanburg E.....	3 30 p m

No. 52 DOWN PASSENGER.

Leave Spartanburg, R. & D. Depot.....	12 00 a m
Leave Jonesville, S. U. & C. Depot.....	12 20 a m
Union D.....	1 10 p m
Santee.....	1 40 p m
Shelton.....	2 57 p m
Strothers.....	3 32 p m
Arrives at Alston.....	4 00 p m

LAURENS RAILROAD.

Leave Helena.....	8.32 p m
Arrive at Clinton.....	6.30 p m
Leave Clinton.....	6.45 p m
Arrive at Laurens C. H.....	6.30 p m
Leave Laurens C. H.....	9.10 a m
Arrive at Clinton.....	10.05 a m
Leave Clinton.....	10.05 a m
Arrive at Helena.....	12.00 a m

ABBEVILLE BRANCH.

Leave Hodges.....	8.10 p m
Arrive at Abbeville.....	4.10 p m
Leave Abbeville.....	11.05 a m
Arrive at Hodges.....	12.05 a m

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD AND ANDERSON BRANCH.

Leave Belton.....	4.15 p m
Leave Anderson.....	4.47 p m
Leave Pendleton.....	5.25 p m
Leave Seneca.....	6.10 p m
Arrive at Walhalla.....	6.33 p m
Leave Walhalla.....	8.30 a m
Leave Seneca.....	9.00 a m
Leave Pendleton.....	9.35 a m
Leave Anderson.....	10.25 a m
Arrive at Belton.....	10.57 a m

CONNECTIONS.